Friday Jan 2nd. 1931

O a thousand congratulations. Well, you've got the
peaks part of your work this year already I imagine.
I'm very grateful to H.B. in whom I'm differing
with great curiosity, & have many
questions to ask. But not now. I'm off to my
first walk – my ½ hour round, in this
blazing sun. I remain 99 but don't
suppose it matters. And all set out I have a
much better headpiece Love & thanks
Congratulations
V.

5th Jan 431 Mater Hone Podmell

I swear I will go through the article & find the bad
stamma this evening; I daresay all my own inaccuracy.
Well (as for women) my letter writing faculty
has dried up. This bloody temperature stays
a little over 99, & I daresay when we come to
London I shall see a doctor — no that's no use — I
shall get a febrifuge. We come up on Wednesday,
I expect the storm can't be counted here, as,
though I can keep one room hot, the others
are like cold baths, whatever one does. No doubt

no: spittoon never needed.

a dry house & a large fan fire would do the trick.
Meanwhile I feel vaguely achievey, & vaguely dull. & vaguely
hot, & then want to sleep, & try to write a sentence to keep
the Waves on the Summer, but cant get up the
right pressure. However its an Italian day — there
should be Cypresses against the sky & legends in the
Evenings. & Lemonade going to take me for a drive.
So there no great damage to any one — except my
fortnight wasted.

What the use of beginning to ask or answer
questions? None. A bottle turned upside
down represents my state of mind. There the

NYPL

Rota 2.V.43

Brewster Letter - Thurs the Wrekin - Thurs the
Question of repeating Compliments. As for the
Last, I've come to the Conclusion, in my
99's, that no: there're not good for me. I don't
like them. I mean I do; but don't want them - they
tempt, I suppose, & then leave me dubbleard. So I'm
going to be austere, & you shall never again repeat
what simple say (such Cotton & Calphorn) Eyes, nose,
Flowerish on praise; it part of your strange
~~psychology~~ psychology — I believe you need it:
why it upset me. I cant at the moment
Decide — Mrs - Woodhouse on my nose for instance.

And was H.B. a man of wealth? Did he ever do anything, by way of profession? What did his father & mother do? Why did he live in Rome? I feel him, though so near in some ways, in a vacuum in these respects. I've finished the letters - awfully (to me my children slang) interesting. I shall want more. But my Conclusion, inclusions rather, must wait, for I'm going to catch the sun. It is so warm, so blue, one could fancy it was early on a June morning, the doors on the other side stood march have that wet burning, yet dim look. of a very early summer morning. Love - V.

NYPL

Rota 2-4-63

Monks House

Saturday 24th Jan 1931

No, I can't answer riddles by letter – besides I'm naturally obtuse, as you
guess. But the question to me in a plain manner on Wednesday –
you shall have, after due deliberation, a plain answer.
about the speech – I don't think I shall print mine, as it stands,
because as you doubtless perceived, with your supernatural
apprehensiveness, it was clotted up. Clogged, partly owing to the
rush I was in – no time to comb out – partly because the very
thing I want to develop later. Perhaps in a small book, about the
size of a Room. But this must wait – Lord – Lord – only I loved
finish the Waves!

Your speech, meanwhile was divine & entirely
expressive – Leonard says about the best quiet kind he ever heard, & does
he say with supreme skill, wh – I interpret to mean that you

liquidated your whole personality in speaking & knew in something never yet
realised by being yourself there in the flesh — Anyhow, we must
present your thesis, hypothetically before - Next Mon I have to discussion.
I'm a little dashed - no not that - to lose time a day for that - but disappointed
to find that the infernal thesis exercise rather of Wednesday has - after
bringing me up for 24 hours so that I felt like a stallion in a pen,
Cancelled any enjoyment or effort (& even the image) let me down again
on Thursday night into the usual headache. I'm not well, oh dear, for 3
days. but hope to start afresh a Monday. I instruct this little temperature
(I've just taken it again a fortnight) 99 pt. 4 fever one a pillip, & then a drop down -
but it's, anyway, a very fine day. We've been in the down & seen a magpie.

And now I'm back in London, & have, with incredible virtue spurned
an invitation to the play tonight - feel what an effort, what
Virtue!

Well, anon, anon. (These are lifted from your style)

Yr Jinnie

NYPL

Rota 2.463

A declaration. Feb 1. 1931

Just to clear myself from ~~the~~ being called a valetudinarian by Dame Ethel Smyth: (as she may mean to open/talk on the telephone) — this is to testify that I only saw the Dr. by accident, the having come to look at L's ears; that I scouted her suggestion of tuberculous trouble with Rhadamanthine laughter; that I refused to see a specialist; that I only take my temp. under coercion: that — in short I attach no importance to the matter whatever & only (I think this is true) mentioned health on the telephone because Dame Ethel started the subject herself — So help me God.

V. W.

PTO

We dont come tomorrow it will probably be that I think it more sensible, on aesthetic grounds, to listen to only the musical NYPL
masterpiece on the same day. Oh
Nevertheless, I may look in for a time, if I dont
interrupt
V.

Rota 2.4.63

52 T. S.

Friday 6th Feb 1931

No we don't go this week, unless Sunday is fine, & we go for the day. But I rather hope Sunday won't be fine. I want to do nothing but write.

I'm rather ashamed — but have no time to explain — of my egotistic tobiloguy — God knows what set me off — or what was fine fine, what fiction. But I sincerely trust to your forbearance.

And if only I'd not fired off like this,

E. (at Courthand (on cut) O Virginia, how ill you're looking!
M. (feebly) O Virginia I haven't seen you look so well for years!

I had meant to Enquire into Ever so many questions
about your sensations, what d'you feel at going to
Edinburgh, & so on:- all lost mind in my flood of
Egotism: And I'm so sleepy, I can't write: 6 hours
talk an end last night. WYPE.

Are you very very very tired? Not ill? Not about
to collapse) like?

I will keep Tuesday night - either here or
in Bn Sqe. So no more. (but you can write to me
~~write~~ at the Dam.)

Peta 2.V.63

16th Feb - 1931

52 T.S.

It is so difficult to write, because, — well, after finishing a book, the mind bobs like a cork on the sea. That's the feeling. I had forgotten the horror. I am civilable & melancholy & I doubt not, if you were here, Egotistic. All the same, I have sympathy enough to think of the wind whistling through Edinburgh & you standing at a desk 6 hours a day; & the Person emerging. There an arch, there body & a column. No; you can't want bitter when you're waving your hands over that chaos.

I am glad to think of the wig anew. My word, it is so bitter, so broken, so desolate here, all fractured, all financial: The Huxleys (Aldous) are living here, & I can't summon my spirit to wait on my guests. What a rant mine — I mean, I'm flittering like a leaf in a gale in some corridor or antichamber, outside life, outside the room; all because I've finished a book. And one must work now.

But how are you? And are you reaping an